

SELECT PORTIONS

Bible OF THE
NEW VERSION OF PSALMS,

For every Sunday throughout the Year;

WITH THE
PRINCIPAL FESTIVALS AND FASTS.
FOR THE USE OF PARISH CHURCHES.

THE WORDS SELECTED BY
THE REV. GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND;
THE MUSIC SELECTED, ADAPTED, AND COMPOSED,
BY EDWARD MILLER, MUS. DOCT.

SING YE PRAISES WITH UNDERSTANDING.

NINTH EDITION.

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P R E F A C E

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THE necessity of a reformation in the performance of Congregational Psalmody, and the means proposed to effect it, have been strongly enforced in the Preface to the Music of this Selection, by quotations from the writings of Dr. *Watts*, Dr. *Browne*, Dr. *Vincent*, and Dr. *Burney*. Another extract on the subject of psalmody, from the present Lord Bishop of London's charge to the clergy of the diocese of London, at his primary visitation this year, may be deemed sufficient.

After his Lordship has pointed out the necessity of a reformation in the performance of parochial psalmody, and recommended many excellent expedients for that purpose; and also "That a *selection*" should be made of proper portions of "the Psalms from the new Version," he concludes with observing, that "At a time

PREFACE.

“ when every other species of music is
 “ cultivated with uncommon ardour, and
 “ is become the prevailing taste and pas-
 “ sion of the age, let some share of our
 “ attention be bestowed on our parochial
 “ psalmody; which, though of a humbler
 “ and more sober cast than the generality
 “ of our musical performances, yet from
 “ its connection with religion, from its
 “ forming an ancient and essential part of
 “ our public service, from its known and
 “ powerful influence on the minds and
 “ morals of the great mass of the people,
 “ is of more *real*, and *national*, and *practical*,
 “ importance, than even those sublime and
 “ elaborate compositions of our great mas-
 “ ters, which are so generally and so justly
 “ admired.

“ And there is one circumstance which
 “ ought for ever to recommend and en-
 “ dear it to this Protestant country, which
 “ is, that it was in the highest estimation
 “ with those most illustrious of men, the
 “ first *reformers*, both at home and abroad,

“ that it was more particularly one of the
 “ principal instruments of the rapid pro-
 “ gress of the reformation in this king-
 “ dom ; and that it gave consolation and
 “ support to confessors and martyrs in that
 “ glorious cause, under the severest perse-
 “ cutions, and even in the midst of flames
 “ and tortures.”

Of such importance is the cultivation of psalmody, not only in the opinion of this eminent divine, but of the clergy and public in general ; which, indeed, is fully shewn by the different editions of this work that have been sold in the short time it has been published. By the use of this book, congregations will know the Psalms and Tunes that are to be sung for every Sunday throughout the year : and as only those words are here printed which are to be sung, they will have no need to seek in their prayer-books the different, and often distant, stanzas of a psalm.—This selection may be had of any size, to bind up with Common Prayer-books.

Sunday after Christmas Day.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 84. Verses 1, 2, 4,

TUNE ST. ANN'S.

C. M.

DR. CROFT.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face.
My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.
O Lord of hosts, my King, and God!
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 9. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.

WAKEFIELD.

C. M.

DR. HEIGHINGTON.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

The

Sunday after Christmas Day.

3

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring ;
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High !
Triumphant praise I sing.

GLO. PAT.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalms 71. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

LEEDS. C. M. DENBY.

IN thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame :
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.
Be thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort ;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
Thou art my rock and fort.
From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free,
For from my earliest youth till now
My hope has been in thee.

When there are two Sundays betwixt Christmas and the Epiphany, the Psalms for the Sixth Sunday after Epiphany are to be used.

FIRST

First Sunday after Epiphany.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 5. Verses 1, 3, 7.

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

HANDEL.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r ;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

And when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 57. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.

HANOVER.

L. M.

SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

AWAKE my glory, harp, and lute ;
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round :
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

EVENING.

EVENING.

Psalms 148. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame:
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise. To sing, &c.

Thou moon that rul'st the night;
 And sun that guid'st the day;
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay;
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came!
 And all shall last
 From changes free;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast. Stands ever, &c.

FIRST

6 Second Sunday after Epiphany.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 1. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. JAMES'S.

C. M.

COURTVILLE.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;

Nor stands in sinners' way, nor sits
Where men profanely talk ;

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 97. Verses 1, 2, 12.

SURREY.

L.M.

CAREY.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice !
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

7

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fixt, by his pavilion, wait.
Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord,
Memorials of his holiness,
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your faithful tongues confess.

EVENING.

Psalms 89. Verses 1, 2, 5.

MECKLENBURG.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell. My song, &c.
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never failing truth shall tell,
I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercies shall for ever last. Thy mercies, &c.
Thy truth that does the heav'n's sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe. Both, &c.
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

* That congregations may seldom meet with any difficulties in singing, this is the only Psalm in the book where the second line of a stanza is repeated.

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 18. Verses 1, 2, 3, 18.

OLD HUNDREDTH TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

NO change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.
 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safe-guard and my tow'r.
 To thee I'll still address my pray'r,
 (To whom all praise we justly owe)
 So shall I by thy watchful care
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
 His subtle rage had near prevail'd,
 When I distress'd and friendless lay;
 But still, when other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

SHEFFIELD. C. M. WHITTON.

LET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

Let

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
 In joyful concert meet,
 And new-made songs of loud applause
 The harmony complete.
 For faithful is the word of God,
 His works with truth abound;
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crown'd.

EVENING.

Psalms 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

BURFORD. G. M. SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress'd
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name:
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my succour came.

B

FIRST

10 Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

FIRST MORNING.

Psaln 112. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN.

L. M.

DR. BURNEX.

NEW MELODY.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd,
His house the seat of wealth shall be
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night :
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.
Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

SECOND MORNING.

Psaln 92. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 3.

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

TO ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd ;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.
For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

GLO.

GLOR. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING

Psalm 150.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTANE.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

Let virgin-troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various strings,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To symbols set their songs of praise:
Symbols of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 139. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts, and private ways :
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet-unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded by thy power I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
 O skill for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

O could I so perfidious be
 To think of once deserting thee !
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
 Or whither from thy presence run ;

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 105. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

MANCHESTER

C. M.

DR. WAINRIGHT.

O RENDER thanks and bless the Lord !
 Invoke his sacred name ;
 Acquaint the nation with his deeds ;
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let your hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore:
And, where he is ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

~~~~~  
EVENING.  
~~~~~

Psalms 15. Verses 1, 2, 3, 7.

BROODSWORTH.

C. M.

DR. ARNE.

~~~~~  
LORD, who's the happy man that may  
To thy blest courts repair;  
Not stranger-like to visit them,  
But to inhabit there?

'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed,  
By rules of virtue moves;  
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak  
The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge  
His neighbour's fame to wound;  
Nor hearken to a false report,  
By malice whisper'd round.

The man who by this steady course  
Has happiness secur'd,  
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,  
By Providence secur'd.



14 Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

FIRST MORNING.

*Pſalm 125. Verſes 1, 2, 4.*

YORK.

C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

WHO place in Sion's God their truſt,  
Like Sion's rock ſhall ſtand ;  
Like her immoveable be fix'd,  
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry ſide  
Jeruſalem encloſe ;  
So ſtands the Lord around his ſaints  
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe  
Who righteous deeds effect ;  
The heart that innocence retains,  
Let innocence protect.

SECOND MORNING.

*Pſalm 100.*

PROPER TUNE.

L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one conſent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raiſe ;  
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,  
And ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.  
Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we, and all proceed :  
We whom he chooſes for his own,  
The flock that he vouchſafes to feed.  
O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly preſs,  
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat,  
And ſtill his name with praiſes bleſs ;

For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

EVENING.

*Psalm 149. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.*

PROPER TUNE. P. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,  
Prepare your glad voice,  
His praise in the great  
Assembly to sing;  
In our great Creator,  
Let Isr<sup>l</sup>el rejoice;  
And children of Sion  
Be glad in their king.

Let them his great name  
Extol in the dance;  
With timbrel and harp  
His praises express;  
Who always takes pleasure  
His saints to advance,  
And with his salvation  
The humble to bless.

GLO. PAT.

By angels in heaven  
Of ev'ry degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd;  
To God, in three persons,  
One God ever blest;  
As it has been, now is,  
And always shall be.

FIRST

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 103. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 19.*

KENT.

L. M.

GEORGE GREEN.

THE Lord, the universal King,  
 In heav'n has fixt his lofty throne:  
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,  
 In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,  
 And hear and do his sacred will;  
 Ye hosts of his this tribute pay,  
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bless  
 The mighty Lord, and thou, my heart,  
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,  
 And in this concert bear thy part.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 145. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

LINCOLN

C. M.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,  
 Thy endless praise proclaim;  
 This tribute daily will I bring,  
 And ever bless thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,  
 And highly to be prais'd;  
 Thy majesty with boundless height,  
 Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd

Renown'd for mighty acts thy name.  
To future times extends;  
From age to age thy glorious name  
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,  
And wond'rous works express;  
The world with me thy might shall own,  
And thy great pow'r confess.

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**EVENING.**

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*Psalms 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 17.*

ST. DAVID'S.

C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

---

BE gracious to thy servant, Lord,  
Do thou my life defend,  
That I, according to thy word,  
My time to come may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,  
That so I may discern  
The wond'rous things which they behold,  
Who thy just precepts learn.

Tho' like a stranger in the land,  
From place to place I stray,  
Thy righteous judgments from my sight  
Remove not thou away.

**FIRST**

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalm 90. Verses 3; beginning in Verse 1.*

ST. MARY'S.

C. M.

RATHIEL.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence  
Of us thy chosen race,  
From age to age thou still hast been  
Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,  
Or th' earth and world didst frame,  
Thou always wert the mighty God,  
And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,  
Of which he first was made;  
And when thou spak'st the word, return—  
'Tis instantly obey'd.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalm 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.*

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,  
Let earth in one assembl'd throng,  
Her common patron's praise resound.  
Sing to the Lord and bless his name,  
From day to day his praise proclaim,  
Who us has with salvation crown'd.

## CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,  
His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim



Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,  
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,  
And banish'd justice will restore;  
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,  
And heavenly mirth let earth express;  
Its loud applause the ocean roar.

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,  
And for their triumph find a voice.  
For joy let fertile valleys sing,  
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;  
The tuneful choir of birds awake,  
The Lord's approach to celebrate,  
Who now sets out with awful state,  
His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come  
With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

*Psalm 19. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

BEDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M. B.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
Which that alone can fill;  
The firmament and stars express  
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day  
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;  
From darkest night's successive rounds  
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'ful language to no realm  
Or region is confin'd;  
'Tis Nature's voice, and understood  
Alike by all mankind.

FIRST

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*Psalm 90. Verses 3; beginning at Verse 1.*

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Of us thy chosen race,  
From age to age thou still hast been  
Our sure abiding-place.

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Or th' earth and world didst frame,  
Thou always wert the mighty God,  
And ever art the same.

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Their pow'ful language to no realm  
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'Tis Nature's voice, and understood  
Alike by all mankind.

# Quinquagesima.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalm 146. Verses 6, 7, 8, 10.*

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDEL.

THE Lord who made both heav'n and earth,  
And all that they contain,  
Will never quit his stedfast truth,  
Nor make his promise vain.

The poor oppress'd, from all their wrong  
Are eas'd by his decree;  
He gives the hungry needful food,  
And sets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their sight,  
The weak and fall'n he rears;  
With kind regard and tender love  
He for the righteous cares.

The God that does in Sion dwell,  
Is our eternal king;  
From age to age his reign endures,  
Let all his praises sing.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalm 95. Verses 1, 2, 3, 6.*

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favours past :  
To him address in joyful songs  
The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
Is, with unrival'd glory, great ;  
A king superior far to all,  
Whom, by his title, God we call.

O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there ;  
Down on our knees devoutly all,  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

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EVENING.

*Psalms 117. And Glo. Pat.*

ST. MAGNUS. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

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WITH cheerful notes let all the earth  
To heav'n their voices raise ;  
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth,  
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,  
His truth shall ne'er decay ;  
Then let the willing nations round  
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

C

FIRST



## First Sunday in Lent.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

GALLWAY.

S. M.

DR. MILLER.

## NEW MELODY.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
 As thou wert ever kind;  
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,  
 Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,  
 And cleanse me from my sin;  
 For I confess my crime, and see  
 How great my guilt has been.

Against thee, Lord, alone,  
 And only in thy sight  
 Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,  
 Must own thy judgments right.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pfalm 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

BURFORD.

C. M.

SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
 Till all that are distress'd,  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,  
 With me exalt his name :  
 When in distress to him I call'd,  
 He to my succour came.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalms 97. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 10.*

KENT.

: L. M.

GEORGE GREEN.

---

YOU who to serve the Lord aspire,  
 Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem ;  
 He'll keep his servant's soul entire,  
 And them from wicked hands redeem.

For seeds are sown of glorious light,  
 A future harvest for the just ;  
 And gladness for the heart that's right,  
 To recompense his pious trust.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
 Memorials of his holiness,  
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,  
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

GALLWAY.

S. M.

DR. MILLER.

## NEW MELODY.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
 As thou wert ever kind;  
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,  
 Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,  
 And cleanse me from my sin;  
 For I confess my crime, and see  
 How great my guilt has been.

Against thee, Lord, alone,  
 And only in thy sight  
 Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,  
 Must own thy judgments right.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

BURFORD.

C. M.

SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
 Till all that are distress'd,  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,  
 With me exalt his name :  
 When in distress to him I call'd,  
 He to my succour came.

---

*EVENING.*

---

*Psalm 97. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 10.*

KENT.

L. M.

GEORGE GREEN.

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 Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem ;  
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For seeds are sown of glorious light,  
 A future harvest for the just ;  
 And gladness for the heart that's right,  
 To recompense his pious trust.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
 Memorials of his holiness,  
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,  
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 90. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 13.*

WINDSOR.

C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

O To thy servants, Lord, return,  
 And speedily relent !  
 As we of our misdeeds, do thou  
 Of our just doom repent.

To satisfy, and cheer our souls,  
 Thy early mercy send ;  
 That we may all our days to come  
 In joy and comfort spend.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pfalm 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 15.*

ALL SAINTS.

S. M.

DR. HOWARD.

DO thou unlock my lips,  
 With sorrow clos'd and shame ;  
 So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise  
 To all the world proclaim.

Could sacrifice atone,  
 Whole flocks and herds should die ;  
 But on such off'rings thou disdain'st  
 To cast a gracious eye.

A broken



A broken spirit is  
 By God most highly priz'd,  
 By him a broken contrite heart  
 Shall never be despis'd.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalms 27. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 7.*

ST. MARY'S.

C. M.

RATHIEL.

---

CONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,  
 Whene'er to thee I cry;  
 In mercy all my pray'rs receive,  
 Nor my request deny.

When us to seek thy glorious face  
 Thou kindly dost advise;  
 "Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"  
 My grateful heart replies.

Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,  
 Nor me in wrath reject;  
 My God and Saviour, leave not him  
 Thou did'st so oft protect.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalm 77. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7.*

BISHOP THORPE.

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

HAS God for ever cast us off?  
 Withdrawn his favour quite?  
 Are both his mercy and his truth,  
 Retir'd to endless night?

Can his long practis'd love forget  
 Its wonted aid to bring;  
 Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd  
 His mercy's healing spring?

I said my weakness hints these fears,  
 But I'll my fears disband,  
 I'll yet remember the most High,  
 And years of his right hand.

I'll call to mind his words of old;  
 The wonders of his might;  
 On them my heart shall meditate;  
 My tongue shall them recite.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalm 111. Verses 4, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.*

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise  
 My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise,  
 With private friends and in the throng  
 Of saints his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness tho' renown'd,  
 His wond'rous works with ease are found  
 By those who seek for them aright,  
 And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame  
And universal glory claim;  
His truth confirm'd thro' ages past,  
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he hath us enjoin'd  
To keep his wond'rous works in mind,  
And to posterity record,  
That good and gracious is our Lord.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,  
Be glory as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

---

EVENING.

*Psalms 92. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

SHEFFIELD.

C. M.

WHITTON.

---

HOW good and pleasant must it be  
To thank the Lord most high,  
And with repeated hymns of praise,  
His name to magnify.

With every morning's early dawn,  
His goodness to relate;  
And of his constant truth each night,  
The glad effects repeat.

To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,  
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd;  
And to the harp with solemn sounds,  
For sacred use design'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,  
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice:  
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
And shout with cheerful voice.

FIRST

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 25. Verses 1, 11, 14.*

GALLWAY.

S. M.

DR. MILLER..

NEW MELODY.

TO God in whom I trust,  
 I lift my heart and voice;  
 O let me not be put to shame,  
 Nor let my foes rejoice.

Since mercy is the grace  
 That most exalts thy fame,  
 Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,  
 And so advance thy name.

For God to all his saints  
 His sacred will imparts,  
 And does his gracious cov'nant write  
 In their obedient hearts.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 65. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

For thee, O God, our constant praise  
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;  
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,  
 And all our zealous vows complete.

O thou

O thou to whom our humble prayer  
 Didst always bend thy list'ning ear;  
 To thee shall all mankind repair,  
 And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain  
 To stop thy flowing mercy try;  
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
 And wapest out the crimson dye.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalms 130. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

ALL SAINTS.

S. M.

DR. HOWARD.

---

FROM lowest depths of woe,  
 To God I send my cry;  
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
 And graciously reply.

Should'st thou severely judge,  
 Who can the trial bear?  
 But thou forgiv'it, lest we despond,  
 And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits  
 For thee, the living Lord:  
 My hopes are on thy promise built,  
 Thy never failing word.

**FIRST**



## FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 79. Verses 8, 9, 13.*

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDEL.

O THINK not on our former sins,  
 But speedily prevent  
 The utter ruin of thy saints,  
 Who now with grief repent.

Thou God of our salvation, help,  
 And free our souls from blame :  
 So shall our pardon and defence  
 Exalt thy glorious name.

So we, thy people and thy flock,  
 Shall ever praise thy name ;  
 And with glad hearts our grateful thanks  
 From age to age proclaim.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pfalm 103. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

THE Lord abounds with tender love,  
 And unexampled acts of grace ;  
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move,  
 His willing mercy flows apace.

God

God will not always harshly chide,  
 But with his anger quickly part ;  
 And loves his punishments to guide,  
 More by his love than our desert.

As high as heav'n its arch extends,  
 Above this little spot of clay ;  
 So much his boundless love transcends  
 The small respects that we can pay.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalm 94. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 12.*

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

HANDEL.

---

BLEST is the man whom thou, O Lord,  
 In kindness dost chastise ;  
 And by thy sacred rules to walk,  
 Dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest, and safety find  
 In seasons of distress ;  
 Whilst God prepares a pit for those  
 That stubbornly transgress.

For God will never from his faints  
 His favour wholly take ;  
 His own possession and his lot,  
 He will not quite forsake.

The world shall then confess thee just  
 In all that thou hast done ;  
 And those that chase thy upright ways,  
 Shall in those paths go on.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalm 40. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 5.*

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

WHO can the wond'rous works recount,  
 Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought;  
 The treasures of thy love surmount  
 The pow'r of number, speech, and thought.  
 I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd  
 Off'rings and sacrifice alone;  
 Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd  
 For man's transgression to atone.  
 I therefore come—come to fulfil  
 The oracles thy books impart:  
 'Tis my delight to do thy will;  
 Thy law is written in my heart.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalm 24. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7, and repeated.*

DONCASTER.

C. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,  
 Unfold to entertain  
 The King of Glory; see! he comes  
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory! who?

The Lord for strength renown'd;  
In battle mighty o'er his foes  
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,  
In state to entertain  
The King of Glory; see! he comes  
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory! who?  
The Lord of Hosts renown'd:  
Of Glory he alone is King,  
Who is with glory crown'd:

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalms 81. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

WAKEFIELD. C. M. DR. HEIGHINGTON.

---

TO God, our never-failing strength,  
With loud applauses sing:  
And jointly make a cheerful noise  
To Jacob's awful King.

Compose a hymn of praise, and touch  
Your instruments of joy;  
Let psalteries and pleasant harps  
Your grateful skill employ.

Let trumpets at the great new moon  
Their joyful voices raise,  
To celebrate the appointed time,  
The solemn day of praise.

E

FIRST

## FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 98. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

ST. JAMES'S.

C. M.

COURTVILLE.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,  
 Who wond'rous things has done ;  
 With his right hand and holy arm  
 The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world  
 Display'd his saving might,  
 And made his righteous acts appear  
 In all the Heathens' fight.

Of Iſr'el's house, his love and truth  
 Have ever mindful been ;  
 Wide earth's remotest parts the power  
 Of Iſr'el's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants  
 Their cheerful voices raise,  
 And all with universal joy  
 Resound their Maker's praise.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pfalm 149. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.*

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

SAID TO BE HANDEL'S

O PRAISE ye the Lord,  
 Prepare your glad voice,  
 His praise in the great  
 Assembly to sing ;  
 In our great Creator  
 Let Iſr'el rejoice ;  
 And children of Sion  
 Be glad in their King.



Let them his gréat name  
 Extol in the dance ;  
 With timbrel and harp  
 His praises exprefs :  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 His saints to advance,  
 And with his falvation  
 The humble to blefs.

GLO. PAT.

By Angels in heav'n  
 Of ev'ry degree,  
 And saints upon earth,  
 All praise be address'd.  
 To God in three persons,  
 One God ever blest ;  
 As it has been, now is,  
 And always shall be.

---

 EVENING.
 

---

*Pfalm 93.*

ST. MARGARET'S.

L. M.

DR. BURNEY.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,  
 The world's foundation strongly laid,  
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne !  
 Which shall no change or period see ;  
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
 Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
 And tofs the troubled waves on high ;  
 But God above can still their noise,  
 And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;  
 And they that in thy house would dwell,  
 That happy station to secure,  
 Must still in holiness excel.

E 2

FIRST

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 8. Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.*

HATFIELD.

C. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Thro' all the world how great art thou,  
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.  
 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,  
 Employs my wond'ring sight!  
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
 With stars of feebler light. With stars, &c.  
 What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st  
 To keep him in thy mind?  
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
 To them so wond'rous kind? To them, &c.  
 Him next in pow'r thou didst create  
 To thy celestial train:  
 Ordain'd with dignity and state,  
 O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.  
 O thou, to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Thro' all the world how great art thou!  
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 4. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.*

BISHOP THORPE.

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

O LORD, thou art my righteous Judge,  
 To my complaint give ear,  
 Thou still redeem'st me from distress;  
 Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

Consider,

Consider, that the righteous man  
 Is God's peculiar choice ;  
 And when to him I make my pray'r,  
 He always hears my voice.

Then stand in awe of his commands,  
 Flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;  
 Commune in private with your hearts,  
 And bend them to his will.

While worldly minds impatient grow  
 More prosp'rous times to see,  
 Still let the glories of thy face  
 Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalm 9. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 9.*

LINCOLN

C. M.

---

GOD is a constant sure defence  
 Against oppressing rage ;  
 As troubles rise, his needful aids  
 In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,  
 Will in his truth confide ;  
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
 That on his help rely'd.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,  
 From Sion his abode ;  
 Proclaim his deeds till all the world  
 Confess no other God.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Pſalm 5. Verſes 1, 3, 7.*

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

HANDEL.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,  
 Accept my ſecret pray'r;  
 To thee alone, my King, my God,  
 Will I for help repair.  
 Thou in the morn my voice ſhall hear;  
 And with the dawning day  
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,  
 To thee devoutly pray.  
 But when thy boundleſs grace ſhall me  
 To thy lov'd courts reſtore,  
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,  
 And humbly there adore.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pſalm III. Verſes 4, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verſe 1*

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praiſe  
 My ſoul her utmoſt pow'r ſhall raiſe;  
 With private friends, and in the throng  
 Of ſaints, his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.  
 His works for greatneſs tho' renown'd,  
 His wond'rous works with eaſe are found  
 By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,  
 And in the pious ſearch delight.  
 His works are all of matchleſs fame,  
 And univerſal glory claim;  
 His truth confirm'd thro' ages paſt,  
 Shall to eternal ages laſt.

By precepts he hath us enjoin'd  
To keep his wond'rous works in mind,  
And to posterity record,  
That good and gracious is our Lord.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,  
Be glory as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

EVENING.

*Psalms 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 12.*

ST. DAVID'S.

C. M.

RAVENS CROFT.

LET him who length of life desires,  
And prosp'rous days would see,  
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,  
His lips from falshood free.

The crooked paths of vice decline,  
And virtue's ways pursue;  
Establish peace where 'tis begun,  
And where 'tis lost, renew.

The Lord from heav'n beholds the just  
With favourable eyes;  
And when distress'd, his gracious ear  
Is open to their cries.

FIRST



## FIRST MORNING.

*Pſalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love !  
Whose mercy firm through ages paſt  
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,  
Not only vaſt but numberleſs ?  
What mortal eloquence can raiſe  
His tribute of immortal praiſe ?

Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy judgments never ſtray ;  
Who know what's right ; not only ſo,  
But always praſtiſe what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford ;  
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,  
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pſalm 102. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 25.*

LEEDS.

C. M.

DENBY.

THE ſtrong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid ;  
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n  
With wond'rous ſkill have made.

Whilst

Whilst thou for ever shall endure,  
 They soon shall pass away;  
 And like a garment often wore,  
 Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st the change,  
 To thy command they bend;  
 But thou continuest still the same,  
 Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of the saints  
 Shall lasting quiet give,  
 Whose happy race, securely fixt,  
 Shall in thy presence live.

---

EVENING.

*Psalms 112. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.*

LYNN.

L. M.

DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

---

THAT man is blest who stands in awe  
 Of God, and loves his sacred law;  
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,  
 And with successive honours crown'd.

His house the seat of wealth shall be,  
 An inexhausted treasury;  
 His justice, free from all decay,  
 Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's filled with virtue's light,  
 Shines brightest in affliction's night:  
 To pity the distress'd inclin'd,  
 As well as just to all mankind.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;  
 The sweet remembrance of the just  
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

FIRST

## FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 89. Verses 1, 2, 5.*

MECKLENBURGH.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,  
 My song on them shall ever dwell. My song, &c.  
 To ages yet unborn my tongue  
 Thy never failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd and still maintain,  
 Thy mercies shall for ever last. Thy mercies, &c.  
 Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain,  
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love  
 Both heav'n and earth just praises owe. Both, &c.  
 By choirs of angels sung above,  
 And by assembled saints below.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pfalm 23. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.*

BRODSWORTH.

C. M.

DR. ARNE.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;  
 The shepherd by whose constant care  
 My wants are all supply'd.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,  
 And to his endless praise,  
 Instruct my humble zeal to walk  
 In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
 From fear and danger free:  
 For there his aiding rod and staff  
 Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wond'rous love  
Through all my life extend,  
That life to him I will devote,  
And in his temple spend.

EVENING.

*Psalms 136. Verses 1, 2, 25.*

148TH PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.  
NEW MELODY.

TO God the 'mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat;  
To him due praise afford  
As good as he is great:  
For God does prove  
Our constant friend;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r  
All other gods obey,  
Whom earthly kings adore,  
His grateful homage pay;  
For God does prove  
Our constant friend,  
His boundless love  
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

He does the food supply  
On which all creatures live;  
To God who reigns on high,  
Eternal praises give.  
For God will prove  
Our constant friend,  
His boundless love  
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 116. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 5.*

BISHOP THORPE.

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

HOW just and merciful is God,  
 How gracious is the Lord,  
 Who saves the harmless, and to me  
 Does timely aid afford.

Then free from pensive cares, my soul,  
 Resume thy wonted rest;  
 For God has wond'rously to thee  
 His bounteous love exprest.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd  
 My dangers and my fears;  
 My feet from falling he secur'd,  
 And dry'd my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,  
 Which God to me shall lend,  
 Will I in praises to his name,  
 And in his service spend.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 66. Verses 1, 3, 5, and Glo. Pat.*

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

LET all the land with shouts of joy  
 To God their voices raise;  
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,  
 And spread his glorious praise.

And



And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,  
In all thy works art thou!  
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes  
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

CLAR. Come, behold the works of God,  
And then with me you'll own,  
That he to all the sons of men  
Has wond'rous judgment shown.

## GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

---

 EVENING.
 

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*Psalms 113. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 1.*

PER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,  
The triumphs of his name record,  
His sacred name for ever bless,  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great name address.

God thro' the world extends his sway;  
The regions of eternal day,  
But shadows of his glory are;  
To him whose majesty excels,  
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,  
Let no created power compare.

F

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 47. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 5.*

ST. MARGARET'S. L. M. DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

GOD is gone up, our Lord and King,  
With shouts of joy, and trumpets sound  
To him repeated praises sing,  
And let the cheerful song go round.

Your utmost skill in praise be shewn,  
For him who all the world commands;  
Who sits upon his righteous throne,  
And spreads his sway o'er Heathen lands.

SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 24. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7, and repeated*

DONCASTER. C. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,  
Unfold to entertain  
The King of Glory; see! he comes  
With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?  
The Lord for strength renown'd;  
In battle mighty o'er his foes  
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,  
In state to entertain  
The King of glory; see! he comes  
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?  
The Lord of Hosts renown'd;  
Of glory he alone is King,  
Who is with glory crown'd.

EVENING.

*Psalm 117. And Glo. Pat.*

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth  
To heav'n their voices raise;  
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth,  
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,  
His truth shall ne'er decay:  
Then let the willing nations round  
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 104. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

HANOVER.

L. M.

SAID TO BE HANDEL

BLESS God, my soul, thou, Lord, alone  
 Possessest empire without bounds;  
 With honour thou art crown'd; thy throne  
 Eternal majesty furrounds.

With light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
 And glory for a garment take;  
 Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe  
 Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms  
 His palace chambers in the skies:  
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms  
 The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

As bright as flame, as swift as wind,  
 His ministers heav'n's palace fill,  
 To have their sundry tasks assign'd;  
 All proud to serve their Sovereign's will.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pfalm 122. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

MANCHESTER.

C. M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT

O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear  
 Our tribes devoutly say,  
 Up, Isr'el, to the temple haste,  
 And keep your festal day!

At Salem's court we must appear  
 With our assembled pow'rs ;  
 In strong and beauteous order rang'd  
 Like her united tow'rs.

'Tis thither by divine command,  
 The tribes of God repair,  
 Before his ark to celebrate  
 His name with praise and pray'r.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalms 133.*

LINCOLN. C. M.

---

HOW vast must their advantage be !  
 How great their pleasure prove,  
 Who live like brethren, and consent  
 In offices of love !

True love is like that precious oil  
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,  
 Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
 Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew that does  
 On Hermon's top distill ;  
 Or like the early drops that fall  
 On Sion's fruitful hill.

For God to all, whose friendly heart  
 With mutual love abound,  
 Has firmly promis'd length of days,  
 With constant blessings crown'd.



## FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 104. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

HANOVER.

L. M.

SAID TO BE HANDEL

BLESS God, my soul, thou, Lord, alone  
 Possessest empire without bounds;  
 With honour thou art crown'd; thy throne  
 Eternal majesty surrounds.

With light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
 And glory for a garment take;  
 Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe  
 Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms  
 His palace chambers in the skies:  
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms  
 The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

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 The tribes of God repair,  
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 His name with praise and pray'r.

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EVENING.

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*Psalms 133.*

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 How great their pleasure prove,  
 Who live like brethren, and consent  
 In offices of love !

True love is like that precious oil  
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 Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes  
 Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew that does  
 On Hermon's top distill ;  
 Or like the early drops that fall  
 On Sion's fruitful hill.

For God to all, whose friendly heart  
 With mutual love abound,  
 Has firmly promis'd length of days,  
 With constant blessings crown'd.

## Trinity Sunday.

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 89.*

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDEL.

FOR ever and for ever, Lord,  
 Unchang'd thou dost remain ;  
 Thy word establish'd in the heav'n's  
 Does all their orbs sustain.

Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth  
 Immoveable shall stand,  
 As doth the earth which thou uphold'st  
 By thy Almighty hand.

All things the course by thee ordain'd,  
 Ev'n to this day fulfil ;  
 They are thy faithful subjects all,  
 And servants of thy will.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 95. Verses 1, 2, 4, 6.*

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King,  
 For we our voices high should raise,  
 When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste, -  
 To thank him for his favours past :  
 To him address in joyful songs,  
 The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
 Is, with unrival'd glory, great ;  
 A king superior far to all,  
 Whom by his title, God, we call.

O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there;  
Down on our knees devoutly all,  
Before the Lord our maker fall.

EVENING.

*Psalms 150.*

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

© PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,  
From whence his goodness largely flows;  
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face  
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts,  
Which he in our behalf hath done;  
His kindness this return exacts,  
With which our praise should equal run.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice  
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;  
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,  
And gentle psal'try's silver sound.

Let virgin-troops soft timbrels bring,  
And some with graceful motion dance;  
Let instruments of various strings,  
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,  
To cymbals set their songs of praise;  
Cymbals of common use, and those  
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
The breath he does to them afford,  
In just returns of praise employ;  
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

FIRST

## FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 84. Verses 1, 2, 4.*

ST. ANN'S.

C. M.

DR. CROFT.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
 How lovely is the place  
 Where thou enthron'd in glory, shew'st  
 The brightness of thy face.

My longing soul faints with desire  
 To view thy blest abode ;  
 My panting heart and flesh cry out  
 For thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King, and God !  
 How highly blest are they,  
 Who in thy temple always dwell,  
 And there thy praise display !

## SECOND MORNING.

*Pfalm 9. Verses 2, Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.*

WAKEFIELD.

C. M.

DR. HEIGHINGTON.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
 I will my heart prepare ;  
 To all the list'ning world thy works,  
 Thy wond'rous works declare.



The thought of them shall to my soul  
 Exalted pleasure bring;  
 Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High!  
 Triumphant praise I sing.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

*Psalm 71. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 12.*

LEEDS.

C. M.

DENBY.

IN thee I put my stedfast trust,  
 Defend me, Lord, from shame:  
 Incline thine ear and save my soul,  
 For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my strong abiding place,  
 To which I may resort;  
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;  
 Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men  
 Protect and set me free,  
 For from my earliest youth, 'till now,  
 My hope has been in thee.

FIRST

54      Second Sunday after Trinity.

*FIRST MORNING.*

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*Pfalm 5. Verses 1, 2, 7.*

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

HANDEL.

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LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

But when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

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*SECOND MORNING.*

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*Pfalm 57. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

HANOVER.

L. M.

HANDEL.

~~~~~

AWAKE, my glory, harp, and lute;
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round;
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

EVENING

Psalms 143. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER,
NEW MELODY.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise. To sing, &c.

Thou moon that rushest the night,
And sun that guid'st the day;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever fast. Stands ever, &c.

FIRST

56 Third Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 1. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. JAMES'S.

C. M.

COURTVILLE.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;

Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk ;

But makes the perfect law of God
His bus'ness and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree which fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 97. Verses 1, 2, 12.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth,
In his just government rejoice ;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
 His dazzling glory shroud in state;
 Justice and truth his guards are made,
 And fixt, by his pavillion, wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 Memorials of his holiness,
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

EVENING.

Psalm 86. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 11.

ALVERSTOKE.

C. M.

DIBDIN.

NEW MELODY.

TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
 From truth shall ne'er depart;
 In rev'rence to thy sacred name,
 Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God;
 Praise thee with heart sincere,
 And to thy everlasting name
 Eternal trophies rear.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

G

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 18. Verses 1, 2, 3, 18.

OLD HUNDREDTH TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad:
At home my safe-guard and my tower.

To thee I'll still address my prayer,
(To whom all praise we justly owe)
So shall I by thy watchful care
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

His subtle rage had never prevail'd,
When I distress'd and friendless lay:
But still when other succours fail'd,
God was my firm support and stay.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

SHEFFIELD. C. M. WHITTON.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet,
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

EVENING.

Psalms 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

BURFORD. C. M. SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd ;
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name :
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my succour came.

FIRST MORNING.*Psalms 112. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.*

LYNN.

L. M.

DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.



THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

His house the seat of wealth shall be
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night :
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

SECOND MORNING.*Psalms 92. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse*

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

TO ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice :
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

EMANUEL. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.
NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; not only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 139. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known,
 My rising-up and lying-down;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts, and private ways;
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
 O skill for human reach too high!
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting thee!
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
 Or whither from thy presence run?

SECOND MORNING.

Pfalm 105. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

MANCHESTER.

C. M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks and blest the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
 His wond'rous works rehearse;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd;
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
 That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength.
 Devoutly still implore:
 And where he's ever present, seek
 His face for evermore.

EVENING.

Psalms 15. Verses 1, 2, 3, 7.

BRODSWORTH.

C. M.

DR. ARNE.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair;
 Not stranger like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there?

'Tis he whose every thought and deed,
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound,
 Nor hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.

The man who by this steady course
 Has happiness insur'd,
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
 By Providence secur'd.

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 125. Verses 1, 2, 4.

YORK.

C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

WHO place in Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveable be fix'd,
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem inclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds effect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 100.

PROPER TUNE.

L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we, and all proceed:
We whom he chooseth for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praise bless.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity. 65

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

EVENING.

Psaln 149. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In our great Creator
Let Iſr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises expreſs:
Who always takes pleaſure
His ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation
The humble to bleſs.

GLO. PAT.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And ſaints upon earth,
All praise be addreſs'd;
To God in three perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 103. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 19.

KENT.

L. M.

GEORGE GREEN.

THE Lord, the universal King,
 In heav'n has fixt his lofty throne:
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his power is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,
 And hear and do his sacred will;
 Ye hosts of his this tribute pay,
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly blefs
 The mighty Lord, and thou my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks exprefs,
 And in this concert bear thy part.

SECOND MORNING.

Pfalm 145. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

LINCOLN

C. M.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
 Thy endless praise proclaim:
 This tribute daily will I bring,
 And ever blefs thy name.

Thou

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy majesty with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends ;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works express ;
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

EVENING.

Psalms 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 17.

ST. DAVID'S.

C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

BE gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My time to come may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wond'rous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.

Tho' like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 90. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. MARY'S.

C. M.

RATHIEU.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou spak'st the word, return—
'Tis instantly obey'd.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Let earth in one assembl'd throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe

Proclaim

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
 Whose power the universe sustains,
 And banish'd justice will restore;
 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
 And heavenly mirth let earth express;
 Its loud applause the ocean roar.

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
 The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
 The Lord's approach to celebrate,
 Who now sets out with awful state,
 His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
 With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psal'm 19. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1

BEDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M. B.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day,
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
 From darkest night's successive rounds,
 Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
 Or region is confin'd;
 'Tis Nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.

H

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 146. Verses 6, 7, 8, 10.

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDEL.

THE Lord who made both heav'n and earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his stedfast truth,
 Nor make his promise vain.

The poor oppress'd, from all their wrong
 Are eas'd by his decree ;
 He gives the hungry needful food,
 And sets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their sight,
 The weak and fall'n he rears ;
 With kind regard and tender love,
 He for the righteous cares.

The God that does in Sion dwell,
 Is our eternal king ;
 From age to age his reign endures,
 Let all his praises sing.

SECOND MORNING.

Pfalm 95. Verses 1, 2, 3, 8.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past :
To him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrival'd glory, great ;
A king superior far to all,
Whom by his title, God, we call.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our maker fall.

EVENING.

Psalms 117. And Glo. Pat.

T. MAGNUS. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise ;
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

72 Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 18. Verses 1, 2, 3, 18.

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

NEW MELODY.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad :
At home my safe-guard and my tow'r.

To thee I'll still address my pray'r,
(To whom all praise we justly owe)
So shall I by thy watchful care
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

His subtle rage had ne'er prevail'd,
When I distress'd and friendless lay :
But still when other succours fail'd,
God was my firm support and stay.

SECOND MORNING.

Pfalm 8. Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD.

C. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name ! How glorious, &c.

When

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight!
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebl' light. With stars, &c.
 What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wond'rous kind? To them, &c.
 Him next in power thou didst create
 To thy celestial train:
 Ordain'd with dignity and state,
 O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.
 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great art thou,
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

~~~~~  
 EVENING.  
 ~~~~~

Psalms III. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

~~~~~  
 PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise  
 My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise;  
 With private friends, and in the throng  
 Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness are renown'd,  
 His wond'rous works with ease are found  
 By those who seek for them aright,  
 And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame:  
 And universal glory claim;  
 His truth confirm'd thro' ages past,  
 Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he hath us enjoin'd  
 To keep his wond'rous works in mind,  
 And to posterity record,  
 That good and gracious is our Lord.

74 Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 169.*

ST. MARY.

C. M.

RATHIEL.

~~~~~  
TO my request and earnest cry,
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.

Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.

~~~~~  
SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 149. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.*

PROPER TUNE.

F. M.

SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

~~~~~  
O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In our great Creator
Let Isr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express:
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

GLO. PAT.

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd;
To God in three persons,
One God ever blest;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

EVENING.

Psalms 115. Verses 1, 11, 14.

RODSWORTH.

C. M.

DR. ARNE.

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred name,
Give glory for thy mercies sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear, rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring;
Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
Of this Almighty King.

FIRST

76 Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 130. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ALL SAINTS.

S. M.

DR. HOWARD.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
To God I send my cry;
Lord hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.

SECOND MORNING.

Pfalm 100.

PROPER TUNE.

L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convict

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. 77

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we, and all proceed :
We whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises blest.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

EVENING.

Psalms 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 7.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

THE hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your want his care.

FIRST

78 Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 65. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 11.

KENT.

L. M.

GEORGE GREEN.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
THY goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

They drop on barren forests, chang'd
By them to pastures fresh and green;
The hills about in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

Large flocks, with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Let earth in one assembl'd throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe

Proclaim

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore ;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express ;
Its loud applause the ocean roar.

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING

Psalm 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 11.

GALLWAY.

S. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

WITHDRAW not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain ;
And let thy spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

So I, thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 145. Verses 8, 9, 11.

BISHOP THORPE.

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

THE Lord is good, fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies !
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

Thy love thro' earth extends its flame,
To all thy works exprest ;
These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants blest.

They with the glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak ;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 98. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

SHEFFIELD.

C. M.

WHITTON.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wond'rous things has done ;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the Heathens' sight.

Of Ifr'el's house, his love and truth
Have ever mindful been :
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Ifr'el's God have seen.

Let, therefore, earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

EVENING.

Psalm 42. Verses 1, 2, 5.

MURFORD.

C. M.

SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace ;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul does pine,
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul,
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

82 Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 19. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. JAMES'S.

C. M.

COURTVILLE.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL & C.

NEW MELODY.

O RENDR thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right ; not only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

EVENING.

Psalms 72. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 18.

ALVERSTOKE. C. M. DIBDIN.

NEW MELODY.

O BLESS'D be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Isr'el fears ;
Who only wond'rous in his works,
Beyond compare appears.

Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever blest his name ;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

84 Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 22. Verses 23, 24, 25, 27.

YORK.

C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

~~~~~  
YE worshippers of Jacob's God,  
All you of Ifr'el's line,  
O praise the Lord, and to your praise  
Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er disdain'd on low distress  
To cast a gracious eye,  
Nor turn'd from poverty his face,  
But hears its humble cry.

Thus in thy sacred courts will I  
My cheerful thanks express,  
In presence of thy saints perform  
The vows of my distress.

Then shall the glad converted world  
To God their homage pay;  
And scatter'd nations of the earth  
One sov'reign Lord obey.

~~~~~  
SECOND MORNING.

Pfalm 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 18.

BRODSWORTH.

C. M.

DR. ARNE.

~~~~~  
'TIS God, who those that trust in him,  
Beholds with gracious eyes;  
He frees their soul from death; their want,  
In time of dearth, supplies.

Our

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. 85

Our soul on God with patience waits,  
Our help and shield is he :  
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,  
Because we trust in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
Do thou to us extend ;  
Since we for all we want or wish,  
On thee alone depend.

---

EVENING.

*Psalms 9. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 9.*

LINCOLN

C. M.

---

GOD is a constant sure defence  
Against oppressing rage ;  
As troubles rise, his needful aids  
In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,  
Will in his truth confide ;  
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
That on his help rely'd.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,  
From Sion, his abode ;  
Proclaim his deeds till all the world  
Confess no other God.

86 Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

---

*Pfalm 118. Verses 1, 3, 8.*

ST. ANN'S.

C. M.

DR. CROFT

~~~~~  
O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay :
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Iſr'el ſay.

Their ſenſe of his eternal love,
Let Aaron's houſe expreſs :
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord, confeſs.

For better 'tis to truſt in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greateſt human power
For ſafety to depend.

~~~~~

SECOND MORNING.

---

*Pfalm 113. Verſes 2, beginning at Verſe 1. and Glo.*

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MIL

NEW MELODY.

~~~~~

YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs;
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.

God thro' the world extends his sway ;
 The regions of eternal day,
 But shadows of his glory are ;
 To him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

 EVENING.

Psaln 62. Verses 6, 7, 8, 11.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

O THOU, my soul, on God rely,
 On him alone thy trust repose :
 My rock and help will still supply
 To bear the shock of all my foes.

God does his saving health dispense,
 And flowing blessings daily send ;
 He is my fortress and defence,
 On him my soul shall still depend.

In him, ye people, always trust,
 Before his throne pour out your hearts ;
 For God the merciful and just,
 His timely aid to us imparts.

The Lord has oft his will express'd,
 And I this truth have fully known,
 To be of boundless power possess'd
 Belongs of right to God alone.

FIRST

88 Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 8. Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD. C. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

~~~~~  
O THOU, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Thro' all the world how great art thou!  
How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,  
Employs my wond'ring sight;  
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feebler light. With stars, &c.

What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st  
To keep him in thy mind?  
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
To him so wond'rous kind? To him, &c.

Him next in pow'r thou didst create  
To thy celestial train;  
Ordain'd with dignity and state,  
O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Thro' all the world how great art thou!  
How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

~~~~~  
SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 102. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 25.

LEEDS. C. M. DENBY.

~~~~~  
THE strong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid;  
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n  
With wond'rous skill have made.

Whilst



Whilst thou for ever shall endure,  
 They soon shall pass away;  
 And like a garment often wore,  
 Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st the change,  
 To thy command they bend;  
 But thou continuest still the same,  
 Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of thy saints  
 Shall lasting quiet give,  
 Whose happy race, securely fixt,  
 Shall in thy presence live.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalms 16. Verses 8, 9, 10, 11.*

WINDSOR.

C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

---

I STRIVE each action to approve,  
 To his all-seeing eye;  
 No danger shall my hopes remove,  
 Because he still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,  
 My glory does rejoice;  
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,  
 Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,  
 My soul from hell shall free;  
 Nor let thy holy one in death  
 The least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display  
 Which to thy presence lead;  
 Where pleasures dwell without alloy,  
 And joys that never fade.

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 112. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.*

LYNN.

L. M.

DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;  
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,  
And with successive honours crown'd.

His house the seat of wealth shall be  
An inexhausted treasury ;  
His justice free from all decay,  
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night :  
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,  
As well as just to all mankind.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;  
The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 145. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

LINCOLN.

C. M.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,  
Thy endless praise proclaim ;  
This tribute daily will I bring,  
And ever bless thy name.

Thou, Lord, - beyond compare art great,  
And highly to be prais'd ;  
Thy majesty with boundless height,  
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd

## Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. 91

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame  
To future times extends;  
From age to age thy glorious name  
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,  
And wond'rous works express;  
The world with me thy might shall own,  
And thy great pow'r confess.

---

### EVENING.

*Psalms 136. Verses 1, 2, 25.*

148th PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.  
NEW MELODY.

TO God the 'mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat;  
To him due praise afford  
As good as he is great:  
For God does prove  
Our constant friend;  
His boundless love  
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r  
All other gods obey,  
Whom earthly kings adore,  
His grateful homage pay;  
For God does prove  
Our constant friend,  
His boundless love  
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

He does the food supply  
On which all creatures live;  
To God who reigns on high,  
Eternal praises give;  
For God will prove  
Our constant friend,  
His boundless love  
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

FIRST MORNING.

*Pfalm 116. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 5.*

BISHOP THORP.

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

HOW just and merciful is God,  
How gracious is the Lord!  
Who saves the harmless, and to me  
Does timely aid afford.

Then free from pensive cares, my soul,  
Resume thy wonted rest;  
For God has wond'rously to thee  
His bounteous love exprest.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd  
My dangers and my fears;  
My feet from falling he secur'd,  
And dry'd my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,  
Which God to me shall lend,  
Will I in praises to his name,  
And in his service spend.

SECOND MORNING.

*Pfalm 66. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

LET all the land with shouts of joy,  
To God their voices raise;  
Sing psalms in honour of his name,  
And spread his glorious praise.

And

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,  
In all thy works art thou!  
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes  
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Thro' all the earth the nations round  
Shall thee their God confess,  
And with glad hymns their awful dread  
Of thy great name express.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalms 57. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 3.*

HANOVER.

L. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

---

AWAKE, my glory, harp, and lute;  
No longer let your strings be mute;  
And I, my tuneful part to take,  
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the list'ning nations round:  
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth display'd,  
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

K

FIRST

**FIRST MORNING.**

*Psalm 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 5.*

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDEL.

O THAN that thy most holy will  
Might o'er my ways preside,  
And I, the course of all my life,  
By thy direction guide ;

Then with assurance should I walk,  
From all confusion free ;  
Convinc'd with joy that all my ways  
With thy commands agree.

My upright heart shall my glad mouth  
With cheerful praises fill :  
When by thy righteous judgment taught,  
I shall have learnt thy will.

**SECOND MORNING.**

*Psalm 135. Verses 3, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.*

BEDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M. B.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,  
And magnify his name ;  
Let all the servants of the Lord  
His worthy praise proclaim.

Praise



## Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. 95

Praise him, all ye that in this house  
Attend with constant care ;  
With those that to his utmost courts  
With humble zeal repair.

For this our truest int'rest is,  
Glad hymns of praise to sing ;  
And with loud songs to bless his name,  
A most delightful thing.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

---

### EVENING.

*Psaln 67. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

GALLWAY.

S. M.

DR. MILLER.

TO bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline,  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous way  
May thro' the world be known ;  
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,  
Dissolv'd in pious mirth,  
For thou the righteous judge and king,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

96 Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

---

*Psalms 36. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

WINDSOR.

C. M.

RAVENS CROFT.

---

TO my complaint, O Lord, my God,  
Thy gracious ear incline;  
Hear me, distressed and destitute  
Of all relief but thine!

Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,  
That does thy name adore;  
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust  
Relies on thee, restore.

To me who daily thee invoke;  
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;  
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hope  
On thee alone depend.

---

SECOND MORNING.

---

*Psalms 139. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

---

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
My rising-up and lying-down;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts, and private ways;  
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,  
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Sur.

## Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. 97

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :  
O skill for human reach too high !  
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

O could I so perfidious be,  
To think of once deserting thee !  
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,  
Or whither from thy presence run ?

---

### EVENING.

*Psalms 119. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 132.*

ST. MARY'S.

C. M.

RATHIEL.

---

WITH favour, Lord, look down on me,  
Who thy relief implore ;  
As thou art wont to visit those,  
Who thy blest name adore.

Directed by thy heav'nly word,  
Let all my footsteps be :  
Nor wickedness of any kind  
Dominion have o'er me.

Release, entirely set me free,  
From persecuting hands,  
That unmolested I may learn,  
And practise thy commands.

On me, devoted to thy fear,  
Lord make thy face to shine ;  
Thy statutes both to know and keep,  
My heart with zeal incline.

98 Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 89. Verses 1, 2, 5.*

MECKLENBURGH.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,  
My song on them shall ever dwell. My song, &c.  
To ages yet unborn my tongue  
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd and still maintain  
Thy mercies shall for ever last. Thy mercies, &c.  
Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain,  
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love  
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe. Both, &c.  
By choirs of angels sung above,  
And by assembled saints below.

SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.*

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,  
Let earth in one assembl'd throng,  
Her common patron's praise resound.  
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,  
From day to day his praise proclaim,  
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,  
His wonders to the universe

Proclaim

## Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity. 99

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,  
Whose power the universe sustains,  
And banish'd justice will restore ;  
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,  
And heavenly mirth let earth express ;  
Its loud applause the ocean roar.

### CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,  
And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,  
The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;  
The tuneful choir of birds awake,  
The Lord's approach to celebrate,  
Who now sets out with awful state ;  
His circuit through the earth to take.

### CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,  
With justice to reward and doom.

---

## EVENING.

*Psalm 115. Verses 1, 11, 14.*

YORK.

C. M.

JOHN MILTON:

*Father to the great Poet.*

---

WHO place in Sion's God their trust,  
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;  
Like her immoveable be fix'd,  
By his Almighty hand.

Look how the hills on every side  
Jerusalem inclose ;  
So stands the Lord around his saints,  
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those  
Who righteous deeds effect ;  
The heart that innocence retains,  
Let innocence protect.

100 Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 7.*

ST. DAVID'S.

C. M.

RAVENS CROFT.

BE gracious to thy servant, Lord,  
Do thou my life defend,  
That I, according to thy word,  
My time to come may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,  
That so I may discern  
The wondrous things which they behold,  
Who thy just precepts learn.

Tho' like a stranger in the land,  
From place to place I stray,  
Thy righteous judgments from my sight  
Remove not thou away.

SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 100.*

PROPER TUNE.

L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we, and all proceed:  
We whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter



## Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. 101

O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

---

### EVENING.

---

*Psalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

NEW MELODY.

---

O RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love !  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless ?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy judgments never stray ;  
Who know what's right ; not only so,  
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy salvation visit me.

**FIRST**

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 23. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.*

BRODSWORTH.

C. M.

DR. ARNE.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;  
 The shepherd by whose constant care  
 My wants are all supply'd.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,  
 And to his endless praise,  
 Instruct my humble zeal to walk  
 In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
 From fear and danger free:  
 For there his aiding rod and staff  
 Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wond'rous love  
 Through all my life extend,  
 That life to him I will devote,  
 And in his temple spend.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 103. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.*

WAKEFIELD.

C. M.

DR. HEIGHINGTON.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent  
 To magnify thy name;  
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise  
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake my lute, nor thou my harp  
 Thy warbling notes delay,  
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy  
 Prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,  
 Thy wonders I will tell:  
 And to those nations sing thy praise  
 That round about us dwell.

Because thy mercy's boundless height  
 The highest heav'n transcends;  
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds  
 Thy faithful truth extends.

---

EVENING.

---

*Psalms 8. Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.*

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

NEW MELODY.

---

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Thro' all the world how great art thou!  
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,  
 Employs my wond'ring sight!  
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
 With stars of feeble light. With stars, &c.

What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st  
 To keep him in thy mind?  
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
 To them so wond'rous kind? To them, &c.

Him next in power thou didst create  
 To thy celestial train:  
 Ordain'd with dignity and state,  
 O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Thro' all the world how great art thou,  
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

FIRST

## FIRST MORNING.

*Psalms 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

ST. JAMES'S.

C. M.

COURTVILLE.

LET earth, and all that dwell therein,  
 Before him trembling stand ;  
 For when he spake the word 'twas made,  
 'Twas fixt at his command.

He, when the Heathens closely plot,  
 Their counsels undermines ;  
 His wisdom ineffectual makes  
 The people's rash designs.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,  
 Shall stand for ever sure :  
 The settled purpose of his heart  
 To ages shall endure.

## SECOND MORNING.

*Psalms 143. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

YE boundless realms of joy,  
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;  
 His praise your song employ  
 Above the starry frame :  
 Your voices raise,  
 Ye Cherubim  
 And Seraphim,  
 To sing his praise. To sing, &c.

'Thou moon that rul'st the night,  
 And sun that guid'st the day ;  
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
 To him your homage pay ;  
 His praise declare,  
 Ye heav'ns above,  
 And clouds that move  
 In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let

Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise his holy name,  
By whose almighty word  
They all from nothing came ;  
And all shall last  
From changes free :  
His firm decree  
Stands ever fast. Stands ever, &c.

~~~~~  
EVENING.
~~~~~

*Psalm 149. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.*

PROPER TUNE. P. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

~~~~~  
O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing ;
In our great Creator
Let Iſ'r'el rejoice ;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.
Let them his great name
Extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express :
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

GLO. PAT.

By angels in heaven
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd ;
To God in three persons,
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

L

FIRST

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 36: Verses 3, beginning at Verse 7.

MECKLENBURG. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

SINCE of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just, With what, &c.
 Thy shelt'ring wing their refuge make,
 And faints to thy protection trust.

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast; To banquet, &c.
 And drink as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.

With thee the springs of life remain,
 Thy presence is eternal-day; Thy presence, &c.
 O let thy faints thy favour gain,
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 24. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7, and repeated.

DONCASTER. C. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of Glory; see! he comes
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
 The Lord for strength renown'd;
 In battle mighty o'er his foes
 Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,
 In state to entertain
 The King of glory; see! he comes.
 With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd;
 Of glory he alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

EVENING

Psaln 30. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ALVERSTOKE.

C. M.

DIBDIN.

NEW MELODY.

I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
 Who didst thy pow'r employ,
 To raise my drooping head, and check
 My foes' insulting joy.

In my distress I cry'd to thee,
 Who kindly didst relieve;
 And from the grave's expecting jaws
 My hopeless life retrieve.

Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
 With songs of praise repair;
 With me commemorate his truth,
 And providential care.

His wrath was but a moment's reign;
 His favour no decay;
 Your night of grief is recompens'd
 With joy's returning day.

FIRST MORNING.

Pfalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right ; not only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

SECOND MORNING.

Pfalm 117. And Glo. Pat.

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise ;
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 150.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTANK.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows ;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts,
Which he in our behalf hath done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

Let virgin-troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance ;
Let instruments of various strings,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ ;
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

CHRISTMAS DAY.
FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 2. Verses 7, 8, 10.

BEDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M. B.

ATTEND, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroul'd decree;
Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
Have I begotten thee.

Ask and receive thy full demands,
Thine shall the heathen be,
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee.

Learn then, ye princes, and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause the ocean roar.

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psalms 85. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

MANCHESTER.

C. M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

NEW MELODY.

LORD, thou hast granted to thy land,
The favours we implor'd,
And faithful Jacob's captive race
Hast graciously restor'd.

Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd,
And all their guilt defac'd;
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce anger last.

O God our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.

Psalms

Psalms 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

GALLWAY.

S. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me ;
 As thou wert ever kind,
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin ;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.

Against thee, Lord, alone,
 And only in thy sight
 Have I transgress'd ; and tho' condemn'd,
 Must own thy judgments right.

GOOD FRIDAY.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalms 35. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 11.

WINDSOR.

C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT.

FALSE witnesses with forg'd complaints
 Against my truth combin'd ;
 And to my charge such things they laid,
 As I had ne'er design'd.

The good which I to them had done,
 With evil they repaid ;
 And did, by malice undeserv'd,
 My harmless life invade.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalms 18. Verses 4, 6, 7, 15.

KENT.

L. M.

GEORGE GREEN.

BY floods of wicked men distress'd,
 With deadly sorrow compass'd round,
 With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
 In death's unwieldy fetters bound,

To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
To God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

When God arose to take my part,
The conscious earth did quake for fear:
From their firm posts the hills did start,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear:

The deep its secret stores disclos'd,
The world's foundations naked lay,
By his avenging wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

EVENING.

Psalms 42. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 9.

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

HANDEL.

GOD of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
To my oppressor's scorn.

My heart is pierc'd as with a sword,
Whilst thus my foes upbraid,
Vain boaster, where is now thy God,
And where his promis'd aid?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Psalms 47. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 5.

ST. MARGARET'S.

L. M.

DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

GOD is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.

Your utmost skill in praise be shewn,
For him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

Psalm 107. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

~~~~~  
TO God your grateful voices raise,  
Who does your daily patron prove;  
And let your never-ceasing praise  
Attend on his eternal love.

Let those give thanks whom he from bands  
Of proud oppressing foes releas'd;  
And brought them back from distant lands,  
From north and south, and west and east.

Thro' lonely desert ways they went,  
Nor could a peopl'd city find;  
Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,  
Their fainting souls within them pin'd.

Then soon to God's indulgent ear  
Did they their mournful cry address;  
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
And freed them from their deep distress.

*Pfalm 66. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

LINCOLN. C. M.



O ALL ye nations! blefs our God,  
And loudly ſpeak his praife ;  
Who keeps our ſouls alive, and ſtill  
Confirms our ſtedfaſt ways.

For thou haſt tried us, Lord, as fire  
Does try the precious ore ;  
Thou brought'ſt us into ſtraits, where we  
Oppreſſing burthens bore.

Infulting foes did us, their ſlaves,  
Thro' fire and water chaſe ;  
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth  
Into a wealthy place.

*Psaln 94. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 20.*

BURFORD. C. M. SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.



WILT thou, who art a God most just,  
Their sinful ways sustain,  
Who make thy law a fair-pretence  
Their wicked ends to gain?

Against the lives of righteous men  
They form their close design;  
And blood of innocence to spill,  
In solemn league combine.

But my defence is firmly plac'd  
In God the Lord most high;  
He is my rock, to which I may  
For refuge always fly.

The Lord shall cause their ill designs  
On their own heads to fall;  
He, in their sins shall cut them off,  
Our God shall slay them all.

# APPENDIX.

*As the Words of the Hundredth Psalm, and the Ninth and Tenth Verses of the Eighteenth Psalm, Old Version, have many Admirers, they are here inserted, and may be sung at pleasure.*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without your aid he did us make;  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.



*Part of the Eighteenth Psalm, Old Version.*

THE Lord descended from above,  
 And bow'd the heav'ns high;  
 And underneath his feet he cast  
 The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim  
 Full royally he rode,  
 And on the wings of mighty winds  
 Came flying all abroad.

*The following Versification of the Hundred-and-Fourth Psalm, by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, may be sung to the proper Tune of the Hundred-and-Forty-ninth of Brady and Tate's Version.*

BLESS God, O my soul,  
 Rejoice in his name,  
 O Lord, let my voice  
 Thy greatness proclaim;  
 Surpassing in honour,  
 Dominion, and might,  
 Thy throne is the heav'n,  
 Thy robe is the light.

## Appendix.

## II.

The sky we behold,  
 A curtain display'd,  
 The chambers of heav'n  
 On waters are laid.  
 The clouds are a chariot  
 Thy glory to bear,  
 On wings thou art wafted,  
 Thou ridest on air.

## III.

As rapid as fire,  
 The angels on high,  
 Convey thy commands;  
 Thy ministers fly.  
 The earth on its basis  
 Eternal sustain'd,  
 Is fix'd in the station  
 Thy wisdom ordain'd.

## IV.

The world, when at first  
 From chaos compos'd,  
 Was void, without form,  
 In waters inclos'd;  
 The voice of thy chiding,  
 Thy thunder was heard,  
 The waters subsided,  
 The mountains appear'd.

## V.

Thy Providence fix'd  
The stream and its source;  
The sea knows its bounds,  
The rivers their course;  
Convey'd thro' dark conduits,  
Springs rise on the hills,  
They burst on the fountains,  
They fall on the rills.

## VI.

The beasts of the world  
Their forests forsake,  
The herd quits the field  
To drink of the lake;  
On trees crown'd with verdure  
Its margin along,  
Birds warbling sweet music,  
Praise God in their song.

## VII.

Descending on hills,  
Clouds plenteousness pour,  
All nature revives,  
Earth smiles in the show'r;  
A garment of verdure  
Apparels the plain,  
Fruits swell in the garden,  
Fields wave with their grain.

## Appendix.

## VIII.

With moisture refresh'd,  
 The vine yields its fruit ;  
 'Tis balm to our hearts,  
 To health a recruit :  
 With transport we gather  
 The richness of oil ;  
 'Tis strength to our body,  
 Support to our toil.

## IX.

The trees full of sap  
 With joy rear their head ;  
 The cedar their boughs  
 O'er Libanus spread.  
 Secure in their covert  
 The bird flies for rest ;  
 She sings on the branches,  
 She broods on the nest.

## X.

The pine yields a home  
 The stork to secure ;  
 The goat on his crag  
 Defies his pursuer.  
 Ev'n creatures too feeble  
 Themselves to defend,  
 On caves and concealment  
 For safety depend.

## XI.

The moon by thy law  
Increases and wanes ;  
The sun keeps the course  
Thy wisdom ordains ;  
He sets, and the lion  
Roams wide for his prey,  
But flies to his cavern  
When morn brings the day,

## XII.

The man with the sun  
His labour renews :  
Till evening arrives,  
That labour pursues.  
Such, Lord, is the wisdom  
Thy works all proclaim ;  
Let earth crown'd with riches,  
Rejoice in thy name.

## XIII.

Not here only, Lord,  
Thy might we adore,  
The sea feels thy hand,  
Th' abyss owns thy pow'r ;  
There tribes without number,  
Thy creatures, resort ;  
Leviathan gambols,  
And whales take their sport.

## XIV.

There ships spread their sails  
 The surface to sweep ;  
 The fish nimbly glide,  
 Conceal'd in the deep ;  
 They all know their season  
 As seasons arise,  
 And tribes, which thy bounty  
 Has made, it supplies.

## XV.

Thy will and thy word  
 Endues them with breath,  
 Consum'd by thy blast  
 They shrink into death ;  
 Restor'd at thy pleasure,  
 New beings repair  
 To people the waters,  
 The earth, and the air.

## XVI.

Rejoice then, O Lord,  
 In glory secure ;  
 The works thou hast made  
 Thro' ages endure.  
 Yet aw'd by thy presence,  
 When thou drawest near,  
 Smoke bursts from the mountains,  
 Earth trembles with fear.

XVII. Thus,



## XVII.

Thus, Lord, let me sing,  
To glory to raise,  
Delightful the strain  
When tun'd to thy praise.  
The vile have their suff'rings;  
The just their reward;  
Bless God, O my spirit,  
O praise ye the Lord!

*Version of Part of the Third Chapter of the Wisdom  
of Solomon, proper to be sung at Funerals.*

The Words by the Rev. George Hay Drummond.

NEW MELODY, BY DR. MILLER.

THE righteous souls that take their flight  
Far from this world of pain,  
In God's paternal bosom blest,  
For ever shall remain.

To minds unwise they seem to die,  
All joyful hope to cease;  
Whilst they, secur'd by faith, repose  
In everlasting peace.

For at the great, the awful day,  
When Christ descends from high,  
With myriads of angelic saints  
They'll meet him in the sky.

Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,  
Shall pour redeeming grace,  
And call them ever to behold  
The brightness of his face.

# I N D E X.

| Pf. | V. |                             | Pag. | Tune.                 |
|-----|----|-----------------------------|------|-----------------------|
| 1   | 1  | How blest is he, &c.        | 6    | St. James's. c. M.    |
| 2   | 7  | Attend, O earth, &c.        | 110  | Bedford. c. M.        |
| 4   | 1  | O Lord, thou art, &c.       | 36   | Bp. Thorpe. c. M.     |
| 5   | 1  | Lord, hear the voice, &c.   | 4    | Brunswick. c. M.      |
| 8   | 1  | O thou to whom all, &c.     | 36   | Hatfield. c. M.       |
| 9   | 1  | To celebrate thy, &c.       | 2    | Wakefield. c. M.      |
| 9   | 9  | God is a constant, &c.      | 37   | Lincoln. c. M.        |
| 15  | 1  | Lord who's the, &c.         | 13   | Brodsworth. c. M.     |
| 16  | 8  | I strive each action, &c.   | 89   | Windfor. c. M.        |
| 18  | 1  | No change of times, &c.     | 8    | Old 100th. L. M.      |
| 18  | 1  | No change of times, &c.     | 72   | Emanuel. L. M.        |
| 18  | 4  | By floods of wicked, &c.    | 112  | Kent. L. M.           |
| 19  | 1  | The heav'ns declare, &c.    | 19   | Bedford. c. M.        |
| 19  | 1  | The heav'ns declare, &c.    | 82   | St. James's. c. M.    |
| 22  | 23 | Ye worshippers of, &c.      | 84   | York. c. M.           |
| 23  | 1  | The Lord himself, &c.       | 42   | Brodsworth. c. M.     |
| 24  | 7  | Erect your heads, &c.       | 32   | Doncaster. c. M.      |
| 25  | 1  | To God in whom I trust, &c. | 28   | Gallway. s. M.        |
| 27  | 7  | Continue, Lord, to, &c.     | 25   | St. Mary's. c. M.     |
| 30  | 1  | I'll celebrate thy, &c.     | 107  | Alverstoke. c. M.     |
| 33  | 1  | Let all the just to, &c.    | 8    | Sheffield. c. M.      |
| 33  | 8  | Let earth and all, &c.      | 104  | St. James's. c. M.    |
| 33  | 18 | 'Tis God, who those, &c.    | 84   | Brodsworth. c. M.     |
| 34  | 1  | Thro' all the, &c.          | 9    | Burford. c. M.        |
| 34  | 7  | The hosts of God, &c.       | 77   | Bedford. c. M.        |
| 34  | 12 | Let him who length, &c.     | 39   | St. David's. c. M.    |
| 35  | 11 | False witnesses with, &c.   | 112  | Windfor. c. M.        |
| 36  | 7  | Since of thy, &c.           | 106  | Mecklenburg. L. M.    |
| 40  | 5  | Who can the, &c.            | 32   | Rockingham. L. M.     |
| 42  | 1  | As pants the hart, &c.      | 81   | Burford. c. M.        |
| 47  | 9  | God of my strength, &c.     | 113  | Brunswick. c. M.      |
| 42  | 5  | God is gone up, &c.         | 46   | St. Margaret's. L. M. |

Have

| Pc. | V. |                             | Page. | Tune.               |
|-----|----|-----------------------------|-------|---------------------|
| 51  | 1  | Have mercy, Lord, &c.       | 22    | Gallway. s. m.      |
| 51  | 11 | Withdraw not thou, &c.      | 79    | Gallway. s. m.      |
| 51  | 15 | Do thou unlock my lips, &c. | 24    | All Saints. s. m.   |
| 57  | 8  | Awake my glory, &c.         | 4     | Hanover. L. M.      |
| 62  | 6  | O thou my soul on, &c.      | 87    | Rockingham. L. M.   |
| 65  | 1  | For thee, O God, &c.        | 28    | Rockingham. L. M.   |
| 65  | 11 | Thy goodness does, &c.      | 78    | Kent. L. M.         |
| 66  | 1  | Let all the lands, &c.      | 44    | St. Magnus. c. m.   |
| 66  | 8  | O all ye nations, &c.       | 116   | Lincoln. c. m.      |
| 67  | 1  | To bless thy chosen, &c.    | 95    | Gallway. s. m.      |
| 71  | 1  | In thee I put my, &c.       | 3     | Leeds, c. m.        |
| 72  | 18 | Then bless'd be, &c.        | 83    | Alverstoke. c. m.   |
| 77  | 7  | Has God for ever, &c.       | 26    | Bp. Thorpe. c. m.   |
| 79  | 8  | O think not on our, &c.     | 30    | Messiah. c. m.      |
| 81  | 1  | To God our never, &c.       | 33    | Wakefield. c. m.    |
| 84  | 1  | O God of hosts, the, &c.    | 2     | St. Ann's. c. m.    |
| 85  | 1  | Lord thou hast, &c.         | 111   | Manchester. c. m.   |
| 86  | 11 | Teach me thy way, &c.       | 57    | Alverstoke. c. m.   |
| 86  | 1  | To my complaint, &c.        | 96    | Windfor. c. m.      |
| 89  | 1  | Thy mercies, Lord, &c.      | 7     | Mecklenburg. L. M.  |
| 90  | 1  | O Lord, the Saviour, &c.    | 18    | St. Mary's. c. m.   |
| 90  | 13 | O to thy servants, &c.      | 24    | Windfor. c. m.      |
| 92  | 1  | How good and, &c.           | 27    | Sheffield. c. m.    |
| 92  | 3  | To ten-string'd, &c.        | 10    | St. Magnus. c. m.   |
| 93  | 1  | With glory clad, &c.        | 35    | St. Margaret. L. M. |
| 94  | 12 | Bless is the man, &c.       | 31    | Brunswick. c. m.    |
| 94  | 20 | Wilt thou who art, &c.      | 117   | Burford. c. m.      |
| 95  | 1  | O come loud, &c.            | 20    | Surrey. L. M.       |
| 96  | 1  | Sing to the Lord, &c.       | 18    | Proper 96th. P. M.  |
| 97  | 1  | Jehovah reigns, &c.         | 6     | Surrey. L. M.       |
| 97  | 10 | You who to serve, &c.       | 23    | Kent. L. M.         |
| 98  | 1  | Sing to the Lord, &c.       | 34    | St. James's. c. m.  |
| 98  | 1  | Sing to the Lord, &c.       | 80    | Sheffield. c. m.    |
| 100 | 1  | With one consent, &c.       | 14    | Old 100th. L. M.    |
| 102 | 25 | The strong, &c.             | 40    | Leeds. c. m.        |
| 103 | 8  | The Lord abounds, &c.       | 30    | Surrey. L. M.       |
| 103 | 19 | The Lord, the, &c.          | 16    | Kent. L. M.         |
| 104 | 1  | Bless God, my soul, &c.     | 48    | Hanover. L. M.      |
| 105 | 1  | O render thanks, &c.        | 12    | Manchester. c. m.   |
| 106 | 1  | O render thanks, &c.        | 40    | Emanuel. L. M.      |
| 107 | 1  | To God your, &c.            | 115   | Rockingham. L. M.   |
| 108 | 1  | O God, my heart is, &c.     | 102   | Wakefield. c. m.    |

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|-----|-----|---------------------------|------|---------------------|
| 111 | 1   | Praise ye the Lord, &c.   | 26   | Suffolk, L. M.      |
| 112 | 1   | That man is blest, &c.    | 10   | Lynn, L. M.         |
| 113 | 1   | Ye saints and, &c.        | 45   | 113th Proper, P. M. |
| 115 | 5   | Lord, not to us, we, &c.  | 75   | Brodsworth, C. M.   |
| 116 | 1   | How just and, &c.         | 44   | Bp. Thorpe, C. M.   |
| 117 | 1   | With cheerful notes, &c.  | 21   | St. Magnus, C. M.   |
| 117 | 1   | With cheerful notes, &c.  | 47   | Bedford, C. M.      |
| 118 | 5   | O praise the Lord, &c.    | 86   | St. Anne's, C. M.   |
| 119 | 17  | O then that thy, &c.      | 94   | Messiah, C. M.      |
| 119 | 89  | Be gracious to thy, &c.   | 17   | St. David's.        |
| 119 | 132 | For ever and for, &c.     | 50   | Messiah, C. M.      |
| 119 | 132 | With favour, Lord, &c.    | 97   | St. Mary's, C. M.   |
| 119 | 169 | To my request and, &c.    | 74   | St. Mary's, C. M.   |
| 122 | 1   | O 'twas a joyful, &c.     | 48   | Manchester, C. M.   |
| 125 | 1   | Who place Sion's, &c.     | 14   | York, C. M.         |
| 130 | 1   | From lowest depths, &c.   | 29   | All Saints, S. M.   |
| 133 | 1   | How vast must their, &c.  | 49   | Lincoln, C. M.      |
| 135 | 1   | O praise the Lord, &c.    | 94   | Bedford, C. M.      |
| 136 | 1   | To God the mighty, &c.    | 43   | 148th Proper, P. M. |
| 139 | 1   | Thou, Lord, by, &c.       | 12   | Rockingham, L. M.   |
| 145 | 1   | Thee I'll extol, my, &c.  | 16   | Lincoln, C. M.      |
| 145 | 8   | The Lord is good, &c.     | 80   | Bp. Thorpe, C. M.   |
| 146 | 6   | The Lord who, &c.         | 20   | Messiah, C. M.      |
| 148 | 1   | Ye boundless realms, &c.  | 5    | 148th Proper, P. M. |
| 149 | 1   | O praise ye the Lord, &c. | 15   | 149th Proper, P. M. |
| 150 | 1   | O praise the Lord, &c.    | 11   | Suffolk, L. M.      |

## APPENDIX.

The words of the hundredth Psalm,  
old version — —

Ninth and tenth verses of the  
eighteenth Psalm, old version

Verseification of the hundred and-fourth  
Psalm, by Dr. Vincent —

Version of part of the third chapter of  
the Wisdom of Solomon, proper to  
be sung at Funerals. The words by  
the Rev. G. Hay Drummond

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